Trobairitz

Ensemble for Early Music

presents

Muses & Sirens of the Italian Renaissance

Wednesday, May 29, 2002
8:00 pm, Convocation Hall

Program

Queens and Courtly Ladies

I. At the Court of Love

Tant que vivray	Claudin de Sermisy (c.1490-1562)
Au pres de vous	Sermisy
Passamezzo	Anonymous
Ostinato vo' seguire	Bartolomeo Tromboncino (c.1470-c.1550)

II. Songs for a Duchess

J'ay Pris Amours	Johannes Martini (c.1450-1497)
Branle	Emmanuel Adriaensen (c.1530)
Arboro Son	attr. Isabella d'Este (1473-1539)
Vale diva, vale in pace	Tromboncino

Poets and Courtesans

III. I Will Give You Pleasure

Jouyssance vous donneray	Sermisy
Quando Amor	Phillippe Verdelot (c.1485-c.1530), arr. Willaert
La Gamba	Vincenzo Ruffo (1508-1587)
Quella Bella e biancha mano	Antonio Caprioli (c.1510)
In Qual Parte del Ciel in Qual Idea	Perissone Cambio (1547)

INTERMISSION

IV. The Pains of Love

Sciocco fu'l tuo desire	Adriano Willaert (c.1490-1562)
Ancor che col Partire	Cipriano de Rore (1515-1605)
Tre leggiadre Ninfe	Anonymous, Bottegari Lute Book (1574)
Per che Piange	Marchetto Cara (c.1465-1525)
Fuggi, fuggi	Verdelot, arr. Willaert

Join us for an evening of Renaissance, Baroque, and Traditional Music from Scotland

Featuring Scotland's
Iain Fraser, fiddle
Christine Hanson, cello
Bill Damur, renaissance lute, guitar and flute
Wendy Gronestad, voice

Friday June 28th at 8:00 pm
Westwood Unitarian Church
11135-65 Avenue
Tickets $10.00

Phone 988-6924/436-3339
for tickets and information.

A concert not to be missed!

Virtuosas of the Concerti di donne

V. To Sing with the Muses

SeGU'A RINAscer' LAURA	Paolo Virchi (1584)
Dolce mio ben dolce colomba mia	Baldassar Donato (1568)
La Brava	Ruffo
O come è gran martire	Claudio Monteverdi (1592)
O dolc'e vago	Anonymous, Bottegari Lute Book (1574)

Please join us in the Arts lounge for refreshments after the concert

Trobairitz is . . .

Katherine Wallace
soprano, lute, recorders

Wendy Grønnestad
mezzo-soprano, recorders

Joy-Anne Murphy
mezzo-soprano, recorders, percussion

Patricia MacKenzie
harp, percussion

Christine Hanson
cello

NOTES

In the dedication of Phillipo Monte's first book of 3-voiced madrigals (1582), the publisher Gardano addresses female singer and songwriter Madalena Casulana as "the Muse and Siren of our age." The dual image of Muse and Siren was a common epithet for female singers of sixteenth-century Italy. We know the names of over 60 prominent female performers from this last century of the Renaissance. While audiences were enchanted by their divine voices, composers and publishers dedicated their works to these inspiring singers.

At the turn of the sixteenth century, the duchesses of Northern Italy —Isabella d'Este of Mantua, Lucrezia Borgia of Ferrara, Elisabetta Gonzaga of Urbino and Beatrice d'Este of Milan— established brilliant courts where the most cultured poets, artists and musicians and courtiers gathered for evenings of witty conversation and music. In this setting, the French *chanson* evoked the legendary Medieval Courts of Love presided over by Eleanor of Acquitaine and Marie de Champagne. The works of Claudin de Sermissy, the foremost *chanson* composer, enjoyed immense popularity, as a painting of "Three Young Women Performing *Jouyssance vous donneray*" (Flemish c.1530) attests. The Northern duchesses also championed a new Italian secular vocal genre, the *frottola*. Two of the most important frottolists of the early sixteenth-century, Bartolomeo Tromboncino and Marchetto Cara, were employed by Isabella d'Este and Lucrezia Borgia. The duchesses and court ladies listened to Cara and Tromboncino perform for the court and sang their songs in their own chambers. Some even tried their hand at composing *frottole* themselves. In a letter of 1494, poet Antonio Tebaldeo praises a *frottola* written by Isabella d'Este, which scholars have identified as *Arboro Son*.

This high standard of musical culture was carried on in the many salons and academies hosted throughout Italy in the mid *cinquecento*. The women who frequented these intellectual *ridotti* were most often poets, intellectual or artistically-minded women, or courtesans. Famous *cortegiane honeste* such as Veronica Franco and Tullia d'Aragona sang and played the lute, enchanting their male audiences with their seductive singing. In fact, lute song performance was so prominent a part of the courtesan's persona that the lute became a symbol for prostitution in seventeenth-century iconography. Composer Adriaen Willaert was especially charmed by the Venetian singer Polissena Pecorina (who may or may not have been a courtesan), and he arranged a collection of madrigals by Verdelot, including *Quando Amor* and *Fuggi Fuggi*, for her to sing. The ballata-madrigal *Sciocco fu'l tuo desire* (1544), which is couched in the invective of a woman called "Chiara" who rails against the folly and ills of a noble lover, may also have been performed by Pecorina in Willaert's Venetian academy. Poetess Gaspara Stampa was another popular performer in Venetian salons, and composer Perrisone Cambio dedicated his *Primo libro di madrigali a quatro voci* (1547) to Stampa, saying, "no woman in the world loves music as much as you do, nor possesses it to such a rare degree. And thousands upon thousands of fine and noble spirits attest to this, who, having heard your sweet harmonies, have given you the name of divine siren, remaining over time your most devoted servants, among whom I am as devoted as any."

Women not only sang, but also played instruments, the harp, lute, and viol being the most popular among those thought 'suitable' for women. Duchess Eleanora d'Aragona played the

harp, as did soprano Laura Peverara. Song titles such as *Tre leggiadre Ninfe* and *Quella bella e biancha mano* (which may be a reference to lutenist Franceschina Bellamano) link women performers to instrumental pieces. References in the payrolls of Lucrezia Borgia and letters from Marchese Federico Gonzaga which refer to "Paula Poccino and her recorder-playing companions" attest that women also played wind instruments; although recorders, shawms, trumpets and trombones were generally discouraged as being 'unfeminine' or lower class instruments. Vincenzo Ruffo wrote many pieces for recorder trio and quartet, as well as contributing a madrigal to the anthology compiled for Soprano Laura Peverara.

By the end of the sixteenth century, female singers had gained immense popularity. Courts in Ferrara, Mantua, Rome and Florence were establishing women's vocal ensembles, or *concerti di donne*, and composers from Clauido Monteverdi (whose third book of madrigals, 1592, which includes the beautiful *O Come Gran Martire,* was dedicated to the Ladies of Ferrara) to Florentine nobleman and poet Baldassar Donato wrote pieces for these famous *virtuose* to sing. In his *First Book of Madrigals à 5*, Paolo Virchi, court organist at Ferrara, cites the chamber singers of Ferrara as the source of his inspiration and reputation: "I do not attribute [the success of my madrigals] so much to my own artifice as to the sweetness of the voices of the Illustrious Ladies who sing them." Virchi sets a madrigal which puns on the name of the four members of the Ferrarese *concerto*, Anna Guarini, Laura Peverara, Livia d'Arco, and Tarquinia Molza, *SeGU' A RINAscer LAURA e prenda L'ARCO*. In a letter of July 9, 1580 Courtier and basso Giulio Cesare Brancaccio writes to Duke Alfonso, the concerto's patron, saying, "in the service of the ladies of your court, I had put together some not unpleasant *arie di sonetti* and *canzone villanesche* that would not have been found displeasing." We conclude tonight's concert with such a piece from the Bottegari Lute Book, *O dolc'e vago e dilettas' Aprile*, which invites us all to come and sing with the Muses on the plains of Helicona.

Thank You to . . .

Russ Baker, Stella Chooi, Bill Damur, Darryl Dewalt, Gary Grønnestad, Margaret Grønnestad, Beth Lim, Ada Moyles, George Murphy, and The University of Alberta Department of Music.

TRANSLATIONS

Tant Que Vivray en age florissant
Je serviray d'amour le dieu puissant
En faitz, en dietz en chansons et a cordz.
Son aliance
C'est ma fiance
Son cueur est mien
Le mien est sien.
Fi de tristesse
Vive liesse
Puis qu'en amours,
Puis qu'en amours
a tant de biens.

Par plusiers jours m'a tenu languissant
Mais apres dueil m'a faict rejouissant
Car j'ay l'amour de la belle au gent corps
Son aliance . . .

As long as I live in flourishing strength,
I shall serve love, the all-powerful god,
with deed, word, song and harmony.
His trust
Is my faith;
His heart is mine,
And mine is his.
Fie on sadness,
Long live gladness,
Since in love,
Since in love
One has so much felicity.

For many days did did languish
But after hardship, I now am happy,
Since she with the fair body now loves me.
This alliance . . .

Au Pres de Vous secretement demeure,
Mon povre cueur, sans que nul le conforte,
Et si languit pour la douleur qu'il porte,
Puis que voulez qu'en ce tourment il meure.

Near to you I secretly linger,
My poor heart, without comfort
Languishes for the pain it carries
Because you wish to keep me in torment.

Ostinato vo' seguire
La magnanima mia impresa
Fa mi' amor qual voi offesa
S'io dovessi ben morire
Ostinato vo' seguire
La magnanima mia impresa.

Fame ciel fame fortuna
Bene o mal como a te piace.
Né piacer né ingiuria alcuna
Per a vilir mio far più audace.
Ché de l'un non son capace,
L'altro più non po fugire.

I shall resolutely pursue
My noble enterprise.
Love would do me great wrong
If I were indeed to die.
I shall resolutely pursue
My noble enterprise.

O heaven, O fortune
Send me good or ill as you will
For neither pleasure nor pain
Will strengthen or weaken my resolve.
For I cannot have more of one,
Neither can I escape the other.

Vinca o perda io non attendo
De mia impresa altro che honore.
Sopra il ciel beato ascendo
S'io ne resto vincitore.
S'io la perdo alfin gran core,
Mostrarà l'altro desire.

Whether I win or lose,
I do not hope from my enterprise
Other than honour.
If I win, I shall ascend to heaven blessed.
If I lose, great courage
Will have shown a great heart.

J'ay pris amours a ma devise
Pour conquerir joyeuseté.
Heureux seray en cest esté
Se puis venir a mon emprinse.

S'il est aulcun qui me'n deprise,
Il me doit estre pardonné,
J'ay pris amours . . .

Il me semble que c'est la guise
Qui n'a riens il est debouté
Et n'est de personne honnoré:
N'esse pas droit que j'y advise?

J'ay pris amours . . .

I have chosen Love as my banner
To fight for joy.
I shall be happy this summer,
If I can succeed in my enterprise.

If anyone despises me for this
I ought to be forgiven.
I have chosen Love . . .

It seems to me that this is how it is
He who has nothing is cast out
And is respected by no one;
So is it not right that I should aim high?

I have chosen Love . . .

Arboro son che li mei rami persi
Lo tronco m'e sicato e la radice.
Le foglie quasa da venti diversi,
Li frutti ho perso misera infelice.
Me legno taglia la gente diversi.
Misero me che mal al mondo fece.
Fortuna sotto rota m'ha sosi
O tristo a chi fortuna contradice.

I am like a tree that has lost its branches,
The trunk is stripped and the roots dried out,
The leaves are blown about by many winds,
The fruit is lost, o miserable, unhappy tree!
My wood has been cut by different people.
Alas, what evil have I done to the world?
Fortune has crushed me under her wheel:
O sorrow, for me whom Fortune opposes.

Vale diva vale in pace,
Che propitio el ciel te sia.
Vale diva vale in pace,
Che propitio el ciel te sia.
Se ben parti più che pria
Tua memoria in mio cor giace.
Vale diva . . .

Farewell goddess, go in peace,
May heaven smile upon you.
Farewell goddess, go in peace,
May heaven smile upon you.
Though you depart, more than before
Your memory shall dwell within my heart.
Farewell goddess . . .

Lieta sia tua di partita,
Lieti sian tutti i toi passi.
Solitaria sia mia vita,
Sol fra boschi al pestri e lassi.
Tu te parti e qui me lassi.
Fatto sia quel che a te piace.
Vale diva . . .

El celeste e colce riso
Che me prese, e'l tuo bel sguardo
Fatto m'ha da me diviso,
Tal ch'ognhor aghiaccio et ardo:
Nel mio cor firmato ha il dardo
Amor pravo e pertinace.
Vale diva . . .

Poi ch'el tuo corso fatale
Te conduce in altra parte,
Non scio dir altro che vale,
Ben che 'Vale' el cor mi sparte;
Prego voglie ricordarte
Del mio amor tanto tenace.
Vale diva . . .

Se in tuo petto casto e degno
Amor può con sua gran forza,
Prego lassi qualche segno
Ch'el mio foco alquanto asmorza;
Vanne poi che'l ciel ti sforza,
Ben che assai mi pesa e spiace.
Vale diva . . .

Jouissance vous donneray,
Mon Amy et vous meneray
La ou pretend vostre esperance.
Vivante, ne vous laiseray;
Encores quand morte seray
L'esprit en aura souvenance.

May your going be joyful,
And joyful be your paths.
My life shall be solitary
Alone in the sad mountain woods,
For you depart and leave me here.
Let it be as you will.
Farewell goddess . . .

That sweet and loving smile
And your glance that so bewitched me
Have so severed my heart
So that I burn and freeze each hour:
Love has set a seal upon my heart
With his sharp and cruel arrow.
Farewell goddess . . .

Because it is your destiny
That leads you elsewhere
I do can say nothing but farewell,
Though that 'Farewell' breaks my heart;
I beg you to remember
That I will always love for you.
Farewell goddess . . .

If your chaste and worthy breast
Can feel the force of Love,
I pray you give me some sign
That I might cool my burning fire;
Go, since heaven decrees it,
Though you leave me desolate with grief.
Farewell goddess . . .

I will give you pleasure
My love, and lead you
Where your hope desires;
Living, I will not leave you,
And even when I am dead,
Your spirit will remember.

Si pour moy avez du soucy,
Pour vous n'en ay pas moins aussi,
Amour le vous doit faire entendre.
Mais s'il vous griefve d'estre ainsi.
Appaisez vostre cueur transi.
Tout vient à point qui peult attendre.

If you suffer on account of me,
I do no less for you,
Love will make you understand.
But if it grieves you to be like this,
Comfort your anguished heart:
Everything comes to one who can wait.

Quando Amor I begli occhi a terra inchina
E i vaghi spirti in un sospiro accoglie
Con le soe mani, et poi in voce gli scioglie
Chiara, soave, angelica, divina,
Sento far del mio cor dolce rapina.
Et si dentro cangiar pensier et voglie
Ch'i dico 'hor fien di me l'ultime spoglie
Se'l ciel si honesta morte mi destina.'

When Love with her beautiful eyes gazes upon the earth,
And with a sigh gathers up her blessed spirit
In her hands, and then lets loose her voice,
Clear, gentle, angelic, divine,
I feel my heart being sweetly stolen.
And my inner thoughts and desires change,
So that I say, 'let me die now, if the
Heavens have destined me for such a death.'

In qual parte del ciel in qual idea
Era l'exempio, onde Natura tolse
Quel bel viso leggiadro, in ch'ella volse
Mostrar qua giú quanto lassú potea?
Qual nympha in fonti, in selve mai qual dea,
Chiome d'oro sí fino a l'aura sciolse?
Quando un cor tante in sé vertuti accolse?
Benché la somma è di mia morte rea.

In which of heaven's parts, in what idea
Was that original whence Nature took the
Lovely, graceful face, by which she wished
To show down here what is done above?
What fountain-nymph or wood-goddess lets
Hair of such pure gold stray in the breeze?
When did one heart store up such virtues?
Although their sum is guilty of my death.

Sciocco fu'l tuo desire
Veramente pensando ch'a miei danni
Teco n'en trassi' a gli amorosi affanni.
Mi maraviglio, quando
Non anchor sei del foll'errore,
E come desiando
L'amor mio ne perdest'i giorni e l'hore.
Donna cortes'e humana
Con vil amante, certo mal s'accorda.
Non mi conosci, o cieca mente insana
Di bastardo, ne vo' che per me leggi
El suon di privileggi
Tuoi ch'ogni orecchia assorda,
Hor tienti al mio consiglio:

I was a fool to desire you.
Truly I think I should have cursed you.
With you I had nothing but the pains of love.
I'll marvel at myself, if
I ever make the same foolish mistakes again,
For while desiring
Love, I wasted days and hours.
If a gracious, noble Lady
Takes a bad lover, certain evil follows.
You don't know me, blind and insane mind
of a bastard, nor do you see by my light;
Though the sound of your privileges
deafens every ear
I'll hold to my own counsel:

Pon giu, se puoi, l'insania e cangia l'ire,

Ch'assembr'al vespertil e non al giglio,

Chiara son io, qual rui, ne mi scompiglio
A fart'il vero udire:
Se dite mai pensai, poss'io morire.

Now stop, if you're able, this insanity and change from wrath;
Shall we meet at vespers and not among the lilies?
I am Chiara, that you rue; I am not afraid
To make you hear the truth:
I'll always speak my thoughts, though I should die.

Anchor che col partire
Io mi senta morire
Partir vorrei ogn'hor ogni momento
Tant'e il piacer ch'io sento
De la vita ch'acquisto nel ritorno.
Et cosi mille e mille volt'il giorno
Partir da voi vorrei
Tanto son dolci gli titorni miei

Whenver we part again
I feel near to death.
I wish to part every moment
Such is the pleasure I feel
In the life I gain on returning,
And thus a thousand times each day
I would part from you,
So sweet are my returnings.

Perchè piangi alma,
se dal pianto mai
Fin non speri a tuoi guai?
'Per questo sol piang' io
Che sa glia affanni mei
Prometesseri so al pianto mio.
Tanta letitia de la spe me harei
Che pianger non potrei.
'Però for di speranza,
lacrimar sol m'avanza.'

Why do you weep, Soul,
If from your weeping
You have no hope of ending your troubles?
'I weep for this alone:
For if my weeping
Were to promise repose to my sufferings,
I would receive such joy from hope
That I would be unable to weep.
However, without hope
Only tears encroach upon me.'

Fuggi, fuggi cor mio
L'ingrato e crudo amore,
Che troppo è grand'errore
Farsi un cieco fanciul si alto iddio.
Conosce il tempo perso
Per una finta se colma d'inganni
Esci de servitu esci d'affanni.
Non istar piu somerso in gelosia
Sospetti, sdegni, e pianti'
Ch'l fin de ciechi amanti

Flee, flee my heart,
From harsh, ungrateful love,
For it is too great a mistake for a
Blind child to make himself a mighty god.
Know that your time is lost
To a false faith full of deceit.
Break out of servitude, leave off suffering,
No longer remain overpowered by jealousy,
Suspicions, indignation and laments,
For the fate of blind lovers

E in van pentirsi e finir in dolore,
Per esser troppo errore
Fars'un cieco fanciul di alto iddio.

Is to repent in vain and end in pain,
For it is too great a mistake for a
Blind child to make himself a mighty god.

SeGU' ARINAscer LAURA e prenda L'ARCO

Amore soave e dolce,
Ch'ogni cor duro MOLCE.
E son nel mio dir parco,
Ma non havra pero di valor tanto
Quanto il celeste canto
Di queste, che coi faghi e lieti accenti
Fan gir' i moti e fan fermare i venti.

Let the Laurel continue to be reborn

And let sweet and gentle cupid take his bow,
who softens every hard heart.
And if I am not restrained in my words,
They still will not have as much power
As the heavenly singing of these ladies,
Who with lovely and happy sounds
Cause mountains to move and the winds to cease blowing.

Dolce mio ben dolce colomba mia
Se'l veder voi m'ha tolto
Dispett'e gelosia
Tolto non mi fia gia
che quel bel volto
Dentr'al mio cor non sia
E ch'io non porti nella ment'impresso
Quel che veder non puon gl'occhi
d'appresso.

O my sweet darling, my sweet dove,
If to see you I must bear
Spite and jealousy
I will of course bear it
For that beautiful face
Which I carry inside my heart
And impressed upon my mind
If only I may see your eyes near me.

O come gran martire
A celar suo desire.
Quando con pura fede
S'ama chi non se'l crede.
O soave mio ardore
O giusto mio desio,
S'ogn'un ama il suo core,
E voi sete il cor mio
All'hor non fia ch'io v'ami
Quando sara che viver piu non brami.

O what consuming torment!
To conceal secret passion.
When we love in good faith
But meet disbelief and proud scorn.
O sweet fire of my passion!
O just and right desiring!
Each must follow his own heart,
And since thou art my whole heart,
I therefore needs much love thee.
Till life is ended shall I ever love thee.

O dolc'e vago e dilettas' Aprile,
Aura gentile, Honor di primavera,
Che meni a schiera
I fior bianch'e vermigli,
Le ros'e i gigli, Al suo fago apparire.
Fai mare, terra, e ciel lieti gioire.

Scherzan' le Ninfe e cantano gli augelli,
I pastorelli Ballan'e fa festa,
Amor non resta con l'arco e con li strali,
Volar con l'ali Nel suo grato seno,
Di dolce Ambrosia e nettar colm' e pieno.

Per te si canta e ride d'ogn' intorno.
Più chiar' il giorno noi si mostra ogn'ora;
E l'Aurora più bella del Ciel scende
E splendor rende, al tuo leggiadro aspetto
Ch'a noi dolcezza porg' e gran diletto.

Venere e Giove e più benigni dei
I semi dei i satiri e i silvani
Per collie piani pien di maraviglia
Alzan le ciglia e stanno a rimirare
Le tue vaghezze nuove e beltà rare.

Alfin di Febo le dotte sorelle
Altier e belle vengon d'Elicona
Con la corona di bei fior contesta
Con gioia e festa s'ornano il bel crine.
Cantando al'aura lodi alte e divine.

O sweet, pretty and delightful April,
Gentle breezes, Pride of Spring,
That bring forth in the clearing
The white and crimson flowers,
The roses and lilies, that appear in bunches.
Sea, earth and heaven happily rejoice.

Nymphs play, and birds sing,
Shepherds dance and make merry,
Love does not rest; with his bow and darts
He fills each grateful breast with draughts
Of sweet ambrosia and overflowing nectar.

For you they sing and smile all around.
The day is brighter as each hour appears;
Dawn, more beautiful than heaven,
Returns in splendor, for your charming look
Sweetly offers us great delight.

Venus and Jove and many benign gods
And demi-gods, satyrs and sylphs
Fill the smooth hills with marvels
Raised to the edges and stood at the rims
For your novel delight and rare beauty.

At last the Muses, the learned sisters
From the lofty, beautiful plains of Helicon,
Crowned with wreaths of flowers
And adorned with joyous and festive attire,
Sing with voices sweet, high and divine.